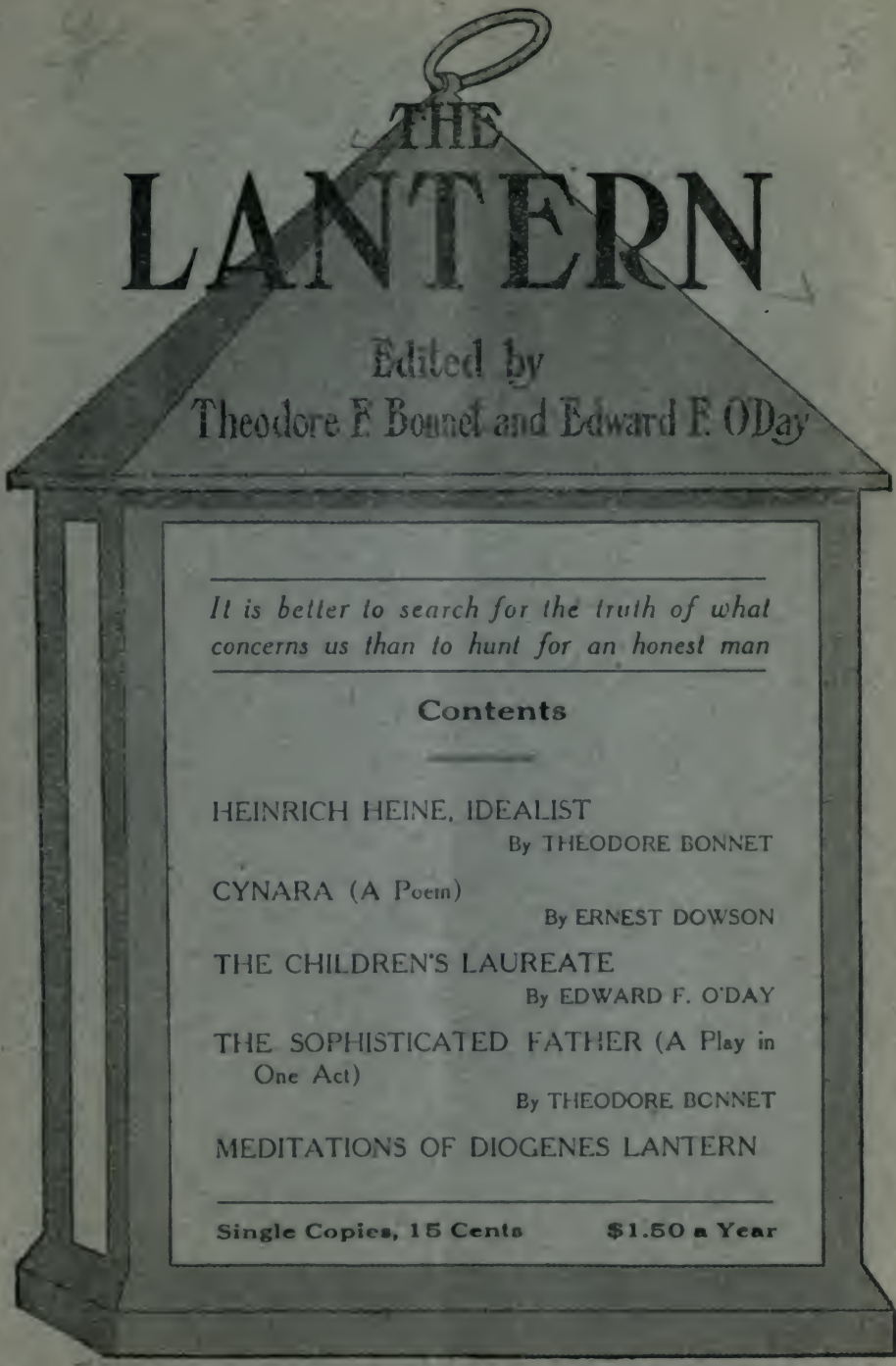
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THE LANTERN

Edited by
Theodore F. Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day

It is better to search for the truth of what concerns us than to hunt for an honest man

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THE LANTERN

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Heinrich Heine, Idealist

By Theodore Bonnet

Having read Heinrich Heine's prose I have no diffidence in making him my peg for a short disquisition on idealists. When I read in his "Florentine Nights" of his love affair at fifteen with a Greek goddess in an old garden I perceived that in his youth Germany's great lyric artist had in him one of the essential germs of the militant idealist. He first saw the Greek goddess by daylight. She was supine on the grass. He was charmed by the loveliness of her chiseled bosom. He stole back to the garden at night when the moon was in the sky, and he pressed his mouth against the cold lips of marble with wild and passionate tenderness.

All genuine poets are idealists and passionate lovers of beauty, but they are not all of the Heine pattern. The average genuine poet has a gift for spiritual, rather than marmoreal, beauty. Flesh not marble he cares to embrace, though he admires a piece of sculpture more or less perfect. As to his ideals, usually they have more to do with art and the soul than anything else. But Heine was typical of the idealists of our day, the idealists who are intent on ushering in the millennium. Not one of them is sound in all his parts. All of them are egoists, vain of their ideals, and never weary of parading them. Like David Starr Jordan they have a tormenting craving to astonish.

Once upon a time it was worth while to be thought an idealist; but nowadays we speak of idealists as once they spoke of patriots in England. So familiar became the cant of patriotism in England that when first pronounced the last refuge of a scoundrel every-

body applauded an epigram as a truism. Today, as Strindberg has observed, if you stir any rubbish heap idealists will crawl out like earthworms. This being true it is no longer wise to affect idealism. To be an idealist is to incur suspicion, and it is now the affectation only of our small-fry academicians who never discover what's going on in the world till it passes them by. Yet it is not to be gainsaid that idealism serves an excellent purpose in the world. Idealism is the substance of those day dreams by which we set a high imaginary standard for ourselves, or ponder the ideal of what we should be, for none of us is satisfied with himself. Nor is it to be gainsaid that much good has been done in the world by idealists. Even the aggressive renunciative idealists with a perverted sense of "mission" and a passion for mitigating the desolation of life and refining and ennobling what they regard as the farcical melodrama of existence, even they are not wholly the nuisance they seem. They may be impracticable, but sometimes they point to better things, and we meet them half way. However, idealists are not to be scrutinized too closely, for idealism covers a multitude of disagreeable shortcomings. This is well illustrated by the case of Heinrich Heine, the great champion of Liberty. Indubitably Heine was a lover of freedom. One cannot study Heine without perceiving that every kind of restraint was repugnant to him. Born a Jew, he renounced Judaism and became a Christian, but not because he believed in the Christian dogma. Born in Germany, he satirized his countrymen and went to Paris to enjoy life among Frenchmen whom he liked. Heine flattered himself that he was an idealist capable of renouncing anything for the ideal. "Goethe," he wrote, "is essentially a man who looks on enjoyment of life as the highest good. I on the contrary am essentially an enthusiast; that is, so inspired by the ideal as to be ready to offer myself up for it, and even prompted to let myself be absorbed by it."

We get an inkling of the ideal wherein Heine was absorbed in some of his "short swallow-flights of song." Here is one of them:

Come, fairest fisher-maiden, here
Put, put thy skiff to land;
Come close to me and sit we down,
And prattle hand in hand.

Oh, lay thy head upon my heart,
Have not such fear of me;
Thou trustest day by day thyself
Unto the wild, wild sea.

My heart is like the sea, it hath
Its storm and ebb and flow;
And many pretty pearls, my love,
Rest in its depths below.

Heine regarded himself as a great patriot, and the ideal for which he fought was the ideal of democracy. He would probably have given up everything for the ideal,—everything but a grisette. Right after his first experience of one he wrote to a friend saying that to understand the new joy that had overtaken him it would be necessary to read the Canticles of King Solomon. The fact is Heine was above all things a great sensualist. He was so constituted that his worship of the ideal was never incompatible with his adoration of woman. He never had to sacrifice his best passion. That passion he indulged, as he admitted, at the expense of his health. But it furnished him with experiences wherefrom he derived inspiration, and he gave us prose and poetry permeated with enthusiasm and passion for women.

In the year of his affair with the marble statue Heine fell in love with the sixteen-year-old daughter of Westphalia's executioner. As all her male relatives were or had been executioners, the ignominy of her life left a stain on her that had a sombre fascination for the young idealist. Besides there was a certain

wildness about her, and she was hardly human at times. He tells us that "as she wore neither corset nor many skirts, her clothing, which molded her body, resembled the wet drapery of a statue." However, "no marble statue could have been her equivalent in beauty, for she was life itself, and all her motions revealed the rhythm of her body and the music of her soul." Lovers never knew the rapture of first kiss in stranger circumstances than those wherein Heine embraced "Red Selchen" as she was called on account of the color of her hair. She had been telling him of a sword that had been used by her relatives in one hundred executions. She showed it to him, and held it up for him to kiss, but he kissed her instead.

At Hamburg a little later he fell in love with his cousin, daughter of the rich banker Solomon Heine. He wooed her, but in vain. "Do not promise, only kiss me; I do not believe in the promises of women," he wrote to her. She married a bank clerk, and through nearly all his life Heine was tormented by the memory of her. But hardly had they parted when he began writing sonnets to the wife of Louis Robert, "beautiful and voluptuous as a Venus by Titian." A little later at Norderney he loved a beautiful unknown, and then followed a troop of minor goddesses, and all the while he had ideals touching mankind. Like the idealists of our day he was sensible of much wrong in the world but of none in himself. Catullus tells us that love for one woman was in him an incurable disease. In Heine who was "dowered with the love of love" the incurable disease was love of any woman who might appeal to the taste of a sensualist. He was not exacting in his choice.

In Paris Heine became a Parisian of Parisians, and while inhaling there the intoxicating aroma of delight he wrote:

"I thought I was the living law of morality. I was implacable, and I was impurity incarnate. The most

compromised Magdalenas were purified by the flames of my ardor, and became again maidens in my arms."

Naturally Heine was for liberty, and abhorred restraint. He wished to be a law unto himself, and as a consequence he earned an ugly reputation. While he was amusing his friends in Paris by writing severe criticisms of Germany the discovery was made that he was receiving a salary from the French Government, and he was denounced by a German writer by the name of Borne. He never made reply, but after Borne's death came the retort with the force of long gathering thunder. It was full of scurrilous insinuations regarding Borne's domestic life and against a married woman with whom Borne had been on very intimate terms. Heine had to answer for these in a duel with the woman's husband, and he received a serious wound.

A great literary genius was Heinrich Heine, a man of exquisite wit and sharp satire with the intellectual equipment of the supreme man of letters, but alas, he was an idealist, and his idealism dragged him down. Inflamed with the ideas of the French Revolution he hoped to liberate Germany, and he died isolated, repudiated and reviled. He wished that posterity would lay on his coffin a sword, for, as he said, "I was a brave soldier in the Liberation War of humanity." Yet long before his death this passionate idealist was disillusioned. In an introduction to an illustrated edition of Don Quixote he wrote that the laughable character of Quixote lay in the fact that the noble knight wished to recall to life a long buried past, and that he came into painful collision with the actualities of the present. "Alas," says Heine, "I have learned since then that it is just as thankless a piece of folly to try to bring the future prematurely into the present, and that any such antagonism to the substantial interests of the day is mounted on an exceedingly sorry nag and is provided with very rusty armour and a body as easily shattered."

CYNARA

By Ernest Dowson

(In last month's LANTERN appeared the beautiful poem "Yvonne of Brittany" by Ernest Dowson. In token of appreciation of that poem came several letters to the editors, begging that the same poet's "Cynara" be published. The request is gladly acceded to, as will be all other requests of the same nature.)

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine
There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

All night upon my heart I felt her warm heart beat,
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay;
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
When I awoke and found the dawn was gray:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

THE CHILDREN'S LAUREATE

By Edward F. O'Day

I know a little park where the sunlight streams on inviting lawns and palms and evergreen trees and geranium bushes. As I write, many children are skylarking there. Boisterous spirits blow them across the grass like ruddy leaves swirled in the wind. They are the sport of a hundred gay impulses. They flash this way and that in the tireless ingenuity of games. Their frolic is set to the music of shouts and cries and sudden pealing laughter. Nothing interests them but fun; they have forgotten everything but happiness.

Over across the way, beyond the trees that edge this park, there is a little boy at the window of a fine white house. His nose is flattened against the pane. One moment he is wide-eyed with wistfulness; the next, on fire with excitement as he watches the boys and girls at play. I am sure there are many splendid toys lying neglected on the floor while his gaze devours that scene of freedom. And I am sure that he would give all his toys for an hour's romp with the unchecked children of the park.

That little boy reminds me of Francis Thompson. Francis Thompson looked at childhood through a window, and how he envied it! Toys he had, but he never knew the breathless harum-scarum of deliciously fatiguing play. Out of that deprivation he wrought many of his most intimate, his most reverent, his most exquisite poems. Francis Thompson is the sweetest of all singers in the choir of childhood's poets. Wordsworth, Blake, Charles Lamb (whose "Dream Children" is poetry), Hood, Mrs. Browning, Stevenson, Longfellow, Eugene Field—Francis Thompson overtops them all.

There is a sense in which Francis Thompson never ceased to be a child. There is a deeper sense in which he was never a child at all. In all the things of earth which the poet has some mysterious permission to

neglect, in the wisdom of this world which he scorns to learn, Francis Thompson never grew up—a Peter Pan through forty-eight years. In spirituality he matured early, and this was not precocity but the sound development of a genius for whom religion was as the air he breathed. From infancy he captained his rare soul; his poor body always remained, not so much unmastered as neglected. He saved his soul; his body he could not, would not save. That made the tragedy of his life. Whether health was denied Francis Thompson because he never knew the health-nurturing exuberances of childhood, or whether these were beyond his boyish reach because health was denied him—the fact remains that his early years ran parallel to childhood and never really touched it.

And so in after years he yearned for that which he had missed, and learned to enjoy its sweetness in other children. The obstinate disasters that followed in the train of disease—opium was the principal one—took Francis Thompson far along the hard road that leads away from childhod and to death, but no cruelty which life inflicted could withdraw him from a passionately tender, a profoundly sympathetic love for children.

As a shy, awkward little lad of dreams he sat on the stairs at home to devour Shakespeare and Spenser. When he left the stairs, it was not to go down into the street to mingle in the play of chums, for he had no chums; it was to go up into the nursery to stage improvised dramas in a cardboard theatre and to fondle his sisters' dolls. At his death he left a few books, a few papers, some pipes that would not draw and—that cardboard theatre. He had kept it jealously, lovingly, to contradict his written words: "Toys I could surrender, with chagrin, so I had my great toy of imagination whereby the world became to me my box of toys."

The real boy does not play with his sisters' dolls, but to Francis Thompson dolls were very dear. He

has celebrated them in his charming essay, "The Fourth Order of Humanity." "In the beginning of things," he writes, "came man, sequent to him woman; on woman followed the child, and on the child the doll. It is a climax of development; and the crown of these is the doll."

He confesses that he was "withheld even in childhood from the youthful male's contempt for these short-lived parasites of the nursery." And thus he goes on to tell of his nursery happiness:

"I questioned, with wounded feelings, the straitened feminine intolerance which said to the boy: 'Thou shalt not hold a baby; thou shalt not possess a doll.' In the matter of babies, I was hopeless to shake the illiberal prejudice; in the matter of dolls, I essayed to confound it. By eloquence and fine diplomacy I wrung from my sisters a concession of dolls; whence I date my knowledge of the kind. But ineluctable sex declared itself. I dramatized them, I fell in love with them; I did not father them; intolerance was justified of her children. One in particular I selected, one with surpassing fairness crowned, and bowed before the fourteen inches of her skirt. She was beautiful. She was one of Shakespeare's heroines. She was an amity of inter-removed miracles; all wrangling excellencies at pact in one sole doll; the frontiers of jealous virtue marched in her, yet trespassed not against her peace; and her gracious gift of silence I have not known in woman. I desired for her some worthy name; and asked of my mother: Who was the fairest among living women? Laughingly was I answered that I was a hard questioner, but that perhaps the Empress of the French bore the bell for beauty. Hence, accordingly, my Princess of puppetdom received her style; and at this hour, though she has long since vanished to some realm where all sawdust is wiped forever from dolls' wounds, I cannot hear that name but the Past touches me with a rigid agglomeration of small china fingers."

The true man-child does not play that way. It was a piteously misdirected struggle to master what most lads have by right of birth. "I did not want responsibility, did not want to be a man," he writes. We can understand that, for the child that has never been a child never does want to grow up. To such a one donning the *toga virilis* means losing the last chance to enjoy the high privileges which other youngsters have taken for granted. It is animal spirits that make children's play so satisfying. This poet had no animal spirits, and the imagination on which he relied was a poor substitute since it intensified his sense of deprivation.

That he realized this we may infer from the words he wrote while a homeless vagrant in the London streets. They are to be found in his "Shelley:"

"Know you what it is to be a child? It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and count yourself the king of infinite space; it is

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour;

it is to know not as yet that you are under sentence of life, nor petition that it be commuted into death. When we become conscious in dreaming that we dream, the dream is on the point of breaking; when we become conscious in living that we live, the ill dream is but just beginning."

As a child he must have suffered a good deal. We may read this between the lines of that wonderful essay on Shelley which is in many respects a frag-

ment of autobiography. "Both as poet and man," he says of Shelley, "he was essentially a child." And he makes this curious statement: "An age that is ceasing to produce child-like children cannot produce a Shelley." It is a curious statement because Thompson's own life contradicts it; he was not a child-like child, but he was indeed a Shelley. It is of his own case he is speaking in this essay when he tells us how sensitive boys are hurt:

"It is the petty malignant annoyance recurring hour by hour, day by day, month by month, until its accumulation becomes an agony; it is this which is the most terrible weapon that boys have against their fellow boy, who is powerless to shun it because, unlike the man, he has virtually no privacy. His is the torture which the ancients used, when they anointed their victim with honey and exposed him naked to the restless fever of the flies. He is a little St. Sebastian, sinking under the incessant flight of shafts which skilfully avoid the vital parts. Most people, we suppose, must forget what they were like when they were children: otherwise they would know that the griefs of their childhood were passionate abandonment, *dechirants* (to use a characteristically favorite phrase of modern French literature) as the griefs of their maturity. Children's griefs are little, certainly; but so is the child, so is its endurance, so is its field of vision, while its nervous impressionability is keener than ours."

It was natural that in after years of larger griefs Francis Thompson should call childhood "the true Paradisus Vitae," for Paradise is outside our human experience. It was inevitable that this childlike poet who had never been a child should celebrate childhood and children in some of his loveliest poems. Like Stevenson he left us a child's garden of verses, but his garden was the Garden of Eden. "The heart of childhood, so divine for me," he sang. He loved to talk with children of "wise, idle, childish things;" he

loved a child-listener, one who listened "with big-lipped surprise;" he loved the things that children say, "foolish things, little and laughable, things all unmemorable;" he loved a word from the "winsome mouth" of a child, a "guileless look" from its eye; he loved childhood's "trivialness," its "bubbling deliciousness," its unconsciousness:

She knew not those sweet words she spake,
Nor knew her own sweet way;
But there's never a bird, so sweet a song
Thronged in whose throat that day!

In the dark London time when he ran errands, sold matches and cadged for coppers, even laudanum could not alleviate his pang at the sight of outcast children. "Think of it," he wrote. "If Christ stood amidst your London slums, He could not say: 'Except ye become as one of *these* little children.' Far better your children were cast from the bridges of London, than they should become as one of those little ones." His biographer Everard Meynell says that "the laugh, not the cry, of the children familiar with all evil was what appalled him most. appalling, too, was the unuttered cry of children who knew not how to cry nor why they had cause."

Fortunately it was not in these little children that he sought his inspiration. A happier day found him walking the Sussex Downs with a little girl. This was Monica, the daughter of Wilfred and Alice Meynell. "Between the clasp of his hand and hers lay, felt not, twenty withered years." Monica picked a poppy and gave it him, saying, "Keep it, as long as you live." It was a strangely meaningful gift, this of a poppy to the opium eater, though not so strange or meaningful or fateful as his mother's earlier gift of a copy of De Quincey's masterpiece. He wrote a poem about this poppy, and dedicated it to innocent little Monica. It closes with these lines:

Love, love! your flower of withered dream
In leavèd rhyme lies safe, I deem,
Sheltered and shut in a nook of rhyme,
From the reaper man, and his reaper Time.

Love! I fall into the claws of Time:
But lasts within a leavèd rhyme
All that the world of me esteems—
My withered dreams, my withered dreams.

Years afterwards when Monica Meynell was about to be married, "to vanish from him to another," Francis Thompson wrote her a letter:

"Most warmly and sincerely I congratulate you, dear Monica, on what is the greatest event in a woman's life—or a man's, to my thinking. Extend to him, if he will allow me, the affection which you once—so long since—purchased with a poppy in that Friston field. 'Keep it,' you said (though you have doubtless forgotten what you said) 'as long as you live.' I have kept it, and with it I keep you, my dearest."

After he died the "flower of dreams" was found pressed between the leaves of his "Poems," the only volume of his own works which he had preserved.

All the world of poetry-lovers knows how the Meynells rescued Francis Thompson from the streets and took him into their home. It was a growing family, and there were other children besides Monica, "elder nursling of the nest," for the poet to love. There were Sylvia, Viola and Olivia, and Francis whom he sponsored in baptism. It has been written that he had an "awed but gentle way" with these and other children. He was bold only when he sang of them. His strange ways afforded them amusement, but, says Mrs. Meynell:

"Nothing irritable or peevish within him was discovered when children had their laughter at him. It need hardly be told what the children laughed at;—say, a habit of stirring the contents of his cup with

such violence that his after-dinner coffee was shed into the saucer or elsewhere—a habit which he often told us, at great length, was hereditary."

When asked to act as godfather to little Francis he was overwhelmed by the honor, a good deal troubled by the responsibility. The beautiful poem "To My Godchild" is eloquent of his absorbing affection for children:

When, immortal mortal, droops your head,
And you, the child of deathless song, are dead;
Then, as you search with unaccustomed glance
The ranks of Paradise for my countenance,
Turn not your tread along the Uranian sod
Among the bearded counsellors of God;
For, if in Eden as on earth are we,
I sure shall keep a younger company.

* * * * * * * * *

Pass the crystalline sea, the Lampads seven:—
Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven.

Viola is immortalized in "The Making of Viola" which has been aptly termed "a dance of words." Thompson takes us to Heaven, into the company of the Father of Heaven, the Paraclete, Jesus, Mary and the angelic host. And this daring poet permits us to know how Viola was made at the bidding of the Father of Heaven. Mary twirls her wheel with silver din to spin a tress for Viola. Hands angelic weave a woof of velvet flesh for Viola. Young Jesus scoops wood-browned pools of Paradise for the eyes of Viola. The Lord Paraclete breathes a crystal soul for Viola. From the wings of child-angels roseal hoverings fall on the cheeks of Viola. And all things being accomplished, wheeling angels bear her down to her mother, "and bearing, sing, with a sound of viola." There is no such other poem as this in all the books of poetry.

This tribute to Olivia was found pencilled in a copy book, after his death:

I fear to love thee, Sweet, because
Love's the ambassador of loss;
White flake of childhood, clinging so
To my soiled raiment, thy shy snow
At tenderest touch will shrink and go.
Love me not, delightful child.
My heart, by many snares beguiled,
Has grown timorous and wild.
It would fear thee not at all,
Wert thou not so harmless-small.
Because thy arrows, not yet dire,
Are still unbarbed with destined fire,
I fear thee more than hadst thou stood
Full-panoplied in womanhood.

Always he was in fear that his love for children might be "the ambassador of loss." The apprehension is made light of in one of his letters, but we need not be deceived:

"The dearest child has made friends with me in the park; and we have fallen in love with each other with an instantaneous rapidity not unusual on my side, but a good deal more unusual on the child's. I rather fancy she thinks me one of the most admirable of mortals; and I firmly believe her to be one of the most daintily supernatural of fairies. And now I am in a fever lest (after the usual manner of fairies) her kinsfolk should steal her from me. Result—I haven't slept for two nights, and I fear I shall not recover myself until I am resolved whether my glimpses of her are to be interdicted or not. Of course in some way she is sure to vanish—elves always do, and my elves in particular."

Monica and Sylvia were his especial playmates. How whole-heartedly he loved these children is now part of his immortal history. "Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra, and Edith with golden hair" have not so high a place in poetry as Monica and Sylvia Meynell. He invented a score of sweet diminutives and endearing nicknames for them. Monica was

"Monicella," "Cuckoo," "sweet blushet," his "tender little maiden," his "darling of darlings," his "princess of smiles," his "wild dryad," his "sunlit creature," his "sorceress of most unlawful-lawful wiles." Silvia of the "meet, feat ways" was "Sylviola," his "ladyling," his "well-beloved maid," his "sweetest quarry."

A false word came to him one day that little Monica lay on her deathbed, and he wrote "To Monica Thought Dying," one of the most poignant of his utterances, a poem "drenched with sobbing," a potent lyric outcry against the ruthlessness of death. It was Monica who had given him the poppy, and it was Monica whose smile cheered him and made him strong when he was cast derelict upon the high mercy of the Meynells:

Upon the ending of my deadly night
(Whereof thou hast not the surmise, and slight
Is all that any mortal knows thereof),
Thou wert to me the earnest of day's light.

* * * * * * * *

Whileas on such dubious bed I lay,
One unforgotten day,
As a sick child waking sees
Wide-eyed daisies
Gazing on it from its hand,
Slipped there for its dear amazes;
So between thy father's knees
I saw thee stand,
And through my hazes
Of pain and fear thine eyes' young wonder shone.

* * * * * * * * *

The heart which I had questioned spoke,
A cry impetuous from its depths was drawn,—
'I take the omen of this face of dawn!'

Following little Monica through his verse we come to know very intimately this "little tender thing of white." He understood the sweet volatility of that affection which a child lavishes beyond the family circle. She was "frankly fickle, and fickly true," she

was "full of willy-nillies, pets, and bee-like angers," she was "sweet and sour, like a dish of strawberries set about with curd." He speaks of her "petulant foot," her "sudden bee-like snarlings." Is not this the true image of little girlhood? In his love for Monica he will have it that she shall inherit her mother's bays. I doubt whether Monica has justified his loving prophecy, even in a humble way, for it is too much to expect that Alice Meynell should bring forth great poems and a great poet too; but the prediction does credit to his heart:

If angels have hereditary wings,
If not by Salic law is handed down
The poet's crown,
To thee, born in the purple of the throne,
The laurel must belong:
Thou, in thy mother's right
Descendant of Castalian-chrismèd kings—
O Princess of the Blood of Song!

His love for this little girl is not of the heart only, she has captured his mind:

Pierce where thou wilt the springing thought in me,
And there thy pictured countenance lies enfurled,
As in the cut fern lies the imaged tree.

I have been quoting from "Sister Songs," that masterpiece in which Francis Thompson's love for Monica and Sylvia, and indeed for all children, finds its supreme expression. "Why can't I write poetry like that?" demanded Oscar Wilde when "Sister Songs" was read to him. "That is what I've wanted to do all my life."

Little Monica smiled on Francis Thompson and gave him a poppy to keep. Little Sylvia kissed him, and kissed poet was never so grateful before or since. The lines in which he told Sylvia of all that her kiss meant to him are perhaps his most celebrated.

Francis Thompson was the "dedicated amorist" of the "darling young." He loved little children, and he loved his love for them. He "caught them fast for-

ever in a tangle of sweet rhymes." He had not woman's love, like his brother Shelley; but unlike Mangan whom he mentions so that he may pity him, he was not "an exile banned and proscribed from the innocent arms of childhood." He gave children the passion and the music other poets gave their mistresses. "Who grasps the child grasps the future," he wrote, and we may interpret the words in a mystical sense, for he was a graduate in mysticism. In grasping children he grasped his future, a future of immortality among men and angels. Children are doubly dear to him because he may not keep them:

Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.

Nevertheless, children gave this too miserable man a great deal of happiness, and it is not strange that he liked these words which Hawthorne wrote: "Lingering so near his childhood, he had sympathies with children, and kept his heart the fresher thereby like a reservoir into which rivulets are flowing, not far from the fountain-head." He has expressed for us that spontaneous love for a strange child seen once, and never to be seen again, which is one of man's purest and most redeeming emotions. He has shown to those who have no children how they may share in the children of their friends. He has made utterable the sacred thoughts we cherish, the unselfish joy we feel when a dear friend's child is born. And when we stoop in spirit to kiss the hem of the robe that enfolds the mother's sanctuary of a child unborn, Francis Thompson stoops with us, and his lips are aflame with holy song. He shares with the childless his foster-paternity; how precious his poetry of childhood must be to those who have children of their own!

THE SOPHISTICATED FATHER

(Copyrighted)

By Theodore Bonnet

Scene: *The library of the Baxters' country home in the mountains. It has few books, but some creature comforts. There is a big armchair near a fireplace on the right where a fire is burning; a table in the centre. There is a large door in the back opening into a hall where there is a dim light. There is a door on the right beyond the fireplace. On the left a French window. It is 2 A. M. The room is dimly lighted by a fire. Bob Lane is seated in the armchair before the fire. He is a young man in the late twenties, of medium height and athletic in mould. His face might appeal to impressionable girls who have a fondness for what used to be called the Gibson type.*

Presently Robert Lane Sr. appears in the doorway. He presses a button, and switches on the light, startling his son who immediately attracts his attention. He is a tall man, in the middle fifties, with an air of distinction and a form that is cultivated by a masseur and kept in restraint by religious devotion to a diet. He has the manner of the self-satisfied successful man of the world.

Lane. Hello! What does this mean? Why aren't you in bed?

Bob. I've been reading. Got interested in a novel that I found on the table there, and now I'm not sleepy. What time is it?

Lane. It's after 2 o'clock.

Bob. Oh, I had no idea it was so late. But what about you, dad? I hope you'll not be troubled with insomnia down here.

Lane. I hope not. But to make sure of sleep, I'm going to fill my lungs with mountain air before turning in. *(Looking around.)* By Jove! the Baxters have an ideal country home here.

BOB. Baxter wants to sell it.

LANE. So he tells me. *(Still looking around.)* Bob, if your dear mother were alive, I'd buy this place. *(A pause. Lane approaches his son.)* An ideal spot, up here in the mountains, in this bracing atmosphere,—for a honeymoon. *(Bob yawns.)* Don't you think?

BOB *(indifferently)*. It's all right, I suppose.

LANE. All right? It's ideal. There's romance in the very air of these mountains. Hasn't the poetry of it appealed to you?

BOB *(smiles)*. I'm not strong on poetry, dad.

LANE *(disgusted)*. No, I suppose not. And for that very reason this is the place for your honeymoon; out there, under the trees, in the moonlight. It's inspiring!

BOB. You talk as though I were right on the eve of my honeymoon.

LANE *(exuberantly)*. Precisely! And you are, my boy. *(Solemnly.)* Bob, you've been intoxicating yourself on unlawful love long enough. You must quit. No more nonsense.

BOB *(annoyed)*. Oh, dad, I'm doing my best to break it off—I'm—

LANE. Now, Bob, listen. I've come to the conclusion, you've been too damned long beating about the bush with this woman. I've—

BOB. Let's cut that out tonight, dad. I'll break it off. Give me a little time.

LANE. A little time? You've been a year at it now. Suppose the Morgans hear about the way you've been living?

BOB. Oh, they'll not hear anything.

LANE. Old Morgan is a hard and fast Puritan. His ideal husband for Sophie is a young man of the most exemplary habits. If he ever heard that you had a mistress he'd—

BOB. Now don't call her that, dad. She's—

LANE. She's what?

BOB. Well, she's not that kind of woman.

LANE. What kind is she? Some new type?

BOB. Well, she's a respectable woman.

LANE. Wha—at?

BOB. Oh, you don't understand.

LANE. My boy, there is nothing I don't understand about women. Nobody can tell me about them. I wish that at your age you knew as much as I know. I'm broad in these matters, and it's because I know that a man's education is not completed until he has had some experience of women that I've stood idly by, but you don't seem to know when to quit. My boy, there's a time for everything—time for a mistress and time for a wife.

BOB. Don't call her my mistress, dad.

LANE. She's not your wife, is she?

BOB. No—not exactly—not in the conventional way.

LANE *(excitedly)*. What in hell are you driving at?

BOB. I mean that—well—what I mean is that she's a respectable woman. *(Lane stares. He's mystified.)* You see, she lives at home with her mother and—and—you see we've been living together on principle.

LANE *(throwing up his hands)*. On principle? That's a new one on me. You're not trying to solve some sociological problem in the interest of science, are you?

BOB *(smiling feebly)*. I mean that Miss—she—

LANE. By the way, what is her name? That's something you never did tell me.

BOB. You wouldn't know her, if I told you, dad.

LANE. Well, go on, you mean—what do you mean?

BOB. I mean she doesn't believe in conventional marriage. She doesn't take any stock in marriage except on a mutual arrangement basis.

LANE. Oh, that's it. There's a cult of that sort, I believe.

BOB. Yes, she joined it at the University.

LANE. Then if she's a philosophical person, loving

you on principle and you loving her on principle, and there isn't even a sheet of paper between you and no convention to be violated, why the devil are you so slow about quitting?

BOB. The trouble is she's so—well, she's so temperamental.

LANE. Temperamental? *(Laughing.)* Temperament, my boy, is as easily remedied as disease.

BOB. You don't understand, dad. She loves me.

LANE. Bob, you are very ingenuous. *(Indignant.)* I don't understand, eh; I don't—on the contrary, my boy, I do understand. I can read 'em all like a book. There never was one of them could fool me. *(Smiling.)* So she loves you, eh?

BOB. Yes, she does.

LANE. Let me tell you something. Love is not all sentiment; it's mostly art, and all worldly women are skilled in the technique of it.

BOB. But she isn't a worldly woman.

LANE. Oh, she isn't, eh? I can see, Bob, that you have a lot to learn. But then you have had so little experience. It is a great misfortune for a young man to be caught young by a clever woman. She deprives him of a liberal education. I suppose it would break her heart if you left her.

BOB. Yes, it would. She's not like others. She's a virtuous woman.

LANE. My boy, a compliment to a woman on her virtue is what gives her the least pleasure. *(Impatiently.)* Now look here, it's getting along toward morning. Time for you to go to bed. Before you go I want to tell you something. *(He takes Bob by the shoulders and looks him in the eye.)* This affair of yours is at an end.

BOB. I'll try, dad. I'll—

LANE. I say it's at an end.

BOB. Well, that's what I've told her.

LANE. Oh, you have? Well, why didn't you say so?

BOB. But she doesn't believe me.

LANE *(smiles)*. Oh, she doesn't. Then we'll prove it to her.

BOB. Give me a little more time. She's—

LANE. Not a minute.

BOB. So sentimental, so—

LANE. Yes, I understand. They're all that way. I know them. Full of tears and sobs; and every young lover thinks he's the best beloved of lovers. I was that way myself—but that was before I left college. Well, I'm glad you've told her. Now I have a surprise for you. *(Bob looks at his father interrogatively.)* I'll tell you all about it in the morning. By the way—a spanking looking girl—that Miss Lamont.

BOB *(starts, and looks quizzically at his father)*. Miss—Miss Lamont?

LANE. Yes, Miss Lamont. You did a lot of dancing with her tonight.

BOB. Oh.

LANE. Such a delicate skin! Slender, but well-nourished! Now there's a woman could take quite a hold on a man's affections. Eh, what?

BOB *(embarrassed)*. Why do you ask me?

LANE *(abstractedly meditates aloud)*. An exquisite figure! Such a soft voice!

BOB. You had your eyes on her, tonight, did you?

LANE. When she was dancing I could see—*(pause)*

BOB. What could you see?

LANE. Well, that's a daring gown she wore—I could see that she had an excellent, trim figure. Have you known her long?

BOB *(hesitating)*. Yes. She's a great friend of Mrs. Baxter's. They belong to the same club.

LANE *(looking at his watch)*. Going to 3 o'clock. It's time for me to get a breath of the mountain air if I'm going to have any sleep at all. What about you?

BOB. I'll smoke another cigarette. One good thing about the Baxters they're not early risers. I'll not get up before ten. *(Lane starts off.)* Oh, ...

You said something about a surprise for me.

LANE. A surprise? Yes, I did.

BOB. Why not tell me now? Otherwise I'll keep awake guessing.

LANE. Don't be foolish.

BOB. You've aroused my curiosity.

LANE *(smiling)*. Well, I'll tell you. I've been doing a little scheming. You've been so slow, I thought I'd rush things a little.

BOB *(anxious and eager)*. Rush things?

LANE. Yes. I've had the Baxters wire Sophie and her folks to come down.

BOB *(petrified)*. To come down?

LANE. Precisely. They'll be here tomorrow.

BOB. Here?

LANE. Yes.

BOB. What did you do that for?

LANE. Now listen. I did it for your sake.

BOB. But, dad, why didn't you wait? I told you it would soon be all right. We must wire them not to come.

LANE. Nothing of the kind. I've arranged it all. You'll be married right here—tomorrow.

BOB. Here? Tomorrow?

LANE. Precisely. *(Triumphantly.)* When it's all over, what can your unconventional lady friend do about it?

BOB *(collapsing in the chair)*. Here! Sophie coming here!

LANE. My boy, that's the only thing to do. Break it off with a violent wrench. Suspense is bad. When you are married the chapter is closed.

BOB. But, great Scott!

LANE. Now don't worry. And above all things don't be a fool.

BOB *(nervously thinking aloud)*. Oh, this will never do. Suppose they meet—suppose—

LANE. Never mind supposing. By the time they meet, if they ever meet, it will be all over. Now

I've attended to all the details. Judge Carr, you know, is an old friend of mine. Drove over to see him last night before dinner. He lives down near the court house. He's arranged with the clerk to get the license, and he'll tie the knot in a jiffy. Not a bit of trouble.

BOB *(in agony)*. Oh, dad, this will never do.

LANE. Never do? On the contrary it's precisely what should have been done long ago. Now you let me attend to this. I tell you I know women like a book.

BOB. But, dad—

LANE. I'll talk it over with you after breakfast. Get to bed—I'll be there before long myself. Good night.

(He goes out door in back, and turns to left.

Bob presses button, light goes out. He is apparently nervous and excited. Lights a cigarette. Throws himself into armchair, looks in vacancy at fire. Miss Olga Lamont comes in from right through back door. She has on a decollete white peignoir, ornamented with baby blue ribbons. Though she has just come from her bed, she is alert. She goes to table, takes up a box of cigarettes, takes out a cigarette and lights it. Bob starts and startles her. She goes hurriedly to button and turns on lights. She is tall and slender and perhaps 30 years of age, though she hardly looks it. She has what is called a well-bred air. There is a glint of mischief in her languorous, moist eyes.)

OLGA. Oh! So here you are. I've been expecting you.

BOB. Expecting me?

OLGA. Yes.

BOB. Oh.

OLGA. And you didn't come. You never disappointed me before.

BOB *(sadly)*. Come now, Olga, I'm in no mood for play. You knew I wasn't coming.

OLGA. I was sure you'd come.

BOB. After what I said?

OLGA *(laughing)*. After what you said.

BOB. Haven't I made myself clear?

OLGA. Why, Bob, you are absolutely transparent. *(He sits down and gazes into the fire. She toys with her hair.)* What a lovely time we had tonight! I don't know whether it was the wine, or the air, or the moonlight—but anyway I was never so exhilarated. *(He rises.)* What makes you so restless, dear?

BOB. I wish you'd leave me alone.

OLGA *(pouting)*. You cruel boy!

BOB *(annoyed)*. Can't you see I'm in earnest? I hope I made you understand tonight.

OLGA. Yes, I understand. Your father has been bothering you again. The silly old man!

BOB. He's not a silly old man.

OLGA. He's an old flirt. But he's good looking. I'll say that for him. I had quite a time with him after our dance.

BOB. You?

OLGA. Yes, in the moonlight on the verandah. He's a most romantic chap. Loves to hold hands. From what you have told me I had him pictured as a stern, uncompromising father. But he talked to me last night like a passionate young lover. He said I had lips like scented violets.

BOB. He kissed you?

OLGA. I should say he did.

BOB. You let him?

OLGA. I couldn't help myself. I was almost on the point of telling him all. I'm sure he would have come around all right.

BOB *(suddenly greatly agitated)*. Olga, you must leave here at once.

OLGA. At once.

BOB. Yes, you must go.

OLGA. I must—

BOB. Now, Olga, haven't I told you? What's the use of prolonging the agony? It's got to end.

OLGA. Bob! You mean it? You are in earnest?

BOB. Yes, Olga, I mean it.

OLGA *(solemnly)*. Then it's the end! *(She turns as though to go.)*

BOB *(alarmed)*. You'll not do anything rash I hope. *(She laughs hysterically.)* You know, Olga, it was always our understanding that we might part whenever one of us became so disposed. That is what you always said.

OLGA *(as though thinking aloud)*. Yes, that is what I always said. I wonder what I shall do now? *(A pause. Suddenly looking him in the eyes.)* You are going to marry!

BOB *(taken by surprise)*. How did you know?

OLGA *(disdain arching her lips)*. Your father has chosen a wife for you. What an obedient son!

BOB. Who told you that?

OLGA. So, that's the truth *(tragically)*. And I'm cast aside—by you!

BOB. Now, Olga, I hope you're not going to do anything rash.

OLGA *(laughing scornfully)*. On your account? I should say not. It's bad enough to realize that what I thought a romance was only a farce. The humor of the situation is that I—I have been your caprice.

(They hear footsteps.)

BOB *(nervously)*. I'm going to bed. *(He goes out hurriedly through door in right wall. She presses the button, lights go out. She hurriedly goes to arm-chair, and huddles before the fire and shivers. Robert Lane Sr. enters. He is cold, rubs his hands, goes toward fire. She moves.)*

LANE. Well, Bob, haven't you gone to bed yet? *(Seeing the form swathed in white, he halts suddenly.)* Hello! Who's this? *(She sobs. He switches on lights and scrutinizes the form.)* A woman! *(Still sobbing, Olga takes her hands from her face and looks at him demurely through moist eyes.)* You sweet darling girl! Up at this hour of the morning and

weeping! *(He caresses her.)* What is the matter? Oh, do let me comfort you, my dear Miss Lamont. Why, your flesh is cold! Let me warm you. *(Takes her hands and rubs them.)* Now, my dear, don't cry any more. *(She wipes away a tear.)* That's right. *(She smiles.)* You bewitching little sweetheart. Who has been wounding your precious feelings?

OLGA *(in quavering voice)*. Oh, it's nothing, Mr. Lane. Just a tinge of sadness, that's all.

LANE. What makes you sad? You were so happy tonight! You were laughing all through the dance.

OLGA. Yes, I know. How stupid of me to be in tears!

LANE. No, my dear. On the contrary. Beauty is never so attractive as when adorned with pearls from a tender heart.

OLGA *(drying her eyes, and smiling faintly)*. I'm all right now. *(She rises.)* I'll go to bed.

LANE *(restraining her gently)*. To bed? And feeling sad? Don't go.

OLGA *(shrinking coquettishly with downcast eyes)*. But I'm not dressed.

LANE. On the contrary! You are ravishingly gowned.

OLGA. Oh, Mr. Lane! I'm en neglige.

LANE. Ah, it's so becoming. You are entrancing! —positively entrancing! *(He caresses her.)* Come, you must not go. You are in sorrow, and you must let me comfort you. *(He leads her to the armchair.)* Sit here by the fire. *(She sinks into chair.)* There!

OLGA *(affecting agitation)*. Oh, don't you think it wrong for me to stay here?

LANE. Wrong? On the contrary—far from it. Miss Lamont, you are adorable. You were born with the invisible sceptre. You can do no wrong. Now tell me, what is it that made you sad?

OLGA *(emitting a dainty sigh)*. I'm afraid I've been very silly.

LANE. I'm sure you've been nothing of the kind.

OLGA. Suppose I told you that I've been allowing myself to feel like the heroine of a melodrama?

LANE. How I wish I could be the hero!

OLGA. Now you're laughing at me.

LANE. On the contrary I was never more serious in my life. Oh, Miss Lamont! Laugh at you? I never was in a more sympathetic mood. Let me comfort you. You are in a melancholy mood, aren't you?

OLGA. Yes, I am.

LANE. Well, whatever sorrow is in your sweet little heart, let me assuage it.

OLGA *(again wiping away a tear)*. You are awfully kind. *(A pause. She suddenly rises.)* But really, Mr. Lane, I must go to bed.

LANE. Now, now! You poor darling girl. You must not go to bed in tears.

OLGA *(sobbing faintly)*. My poor mother!

LANE *(in a very sympathetic tone)*. Ah, I knew there was something. *(Takes her hand.)* Your mother? What has happened to your mother? Tell me.

OLGA *(wringing her hands in agitation)*. Oh, Mr. Lane, it has to be—it has to be!

LANE. Perhaps, my dear, it doesn't have to be. The troubles we look forward to don't always come. Now tell me. I must insist that you tell me what has happened to your dear mother.

OLGA. Oh, nothing has happened to her, but she is a dear sweet mother, and for her I must sacrifice myself.

LANE. You must what?

OLGA. Oh, how silly! I don't mean that. *(Annoyed at herself.)* I've allowed my feelings to get all unstrung. *(Smiling.)* You see, I told you I was in a melodramatic mood.

LANE *(solemnly)*. Perhaps there is a reason.

OLGA. Well, I'll tell you. My mother wishes me to marry. And I'm not a bit in love. I couldn't love him. I abhor him.

LANE. Horrible!

OLGA. Yes, horrible.

LANE. You mustn't do anything of the kind. It would be a crime. Oh, incredible!

OLGA. I must.

LANE. You must not.

OLGA. Mr. Lane, there is nothing I will not do for my mother.

LANE. Your mother must be a most unreasonable person if she would have you marry a man you abhor.

OLGA. My mother is poor. She needs my help.

LANE. Hm!

OLGA *(thinking aloud and looking pensively into the fire)*. An old man's darling!

LANE. Some old duffer, older than I am, I suppose?

OLGA *(deprecatingly)*. Oh, Mr. Lane, he's old enough to be your father.

LANE. You don't say so. He ought to be arrested and punished as an example for the good of society. *(A pause.)* But then of course, I'm not so old. I was married very young.

OLGA *(coquettishly)*. I could tell. I knew you were prematurely grey.

LANE. Yes, I am. *(Caressing her.)* Now, my dear, you mustn't brood over this prospect. It's too harrowing.

OLGA. I've cried so much I think I can sleep now. I'll go to bed.

LANE *(taking her hand)*. Never go to bed, my child, in melancholy mood. *(He surveys her rapturously.)* Miss Lamont, you're the sweetest, daintiest little woman I ever met. You were fashioned for delight—not for the delight of an old duffer that you abhor, but for a man with poetry in his soul and the lyric spirit bounding in his veins.

OLGA *(modestly)*. Oh, Mr. Lane!

LANE. I mean every word of it.

OLGA. But suppose somebody should hear.

LANE *(putting an arm around her)*. My dear,

sweet girl, you must not think of sacrificing yourself. *(She leans against him. He kisses her on the forehead.)* Ah, but you are adorable! *(He releases her.)*

OLGA. Oh, I must go to bed. If Mrs. Baxter knew—

LANE *(seizing her tenderly)*. Never mind Mrs. Baxter. She is sleeping the sleep of the blest. You need some advice, and I'm going to give it to you.

OLGA. You're awfully kind. You have made me feel so much better.

LANE. Have I? *(He draws her a little closer. She snuggles up to him and he embraces her and kisses her passionately. She yields. When he releases her she appears overwhelmed with confusion.)*

OLGA. Oh, Mr. Lane!

LANE. Have I offended you?

OLGA. The Baxters!

LANE. My dear little sweetheart, don't worry about the Baxters. Let us think of ourselves. You are in trouble. You are contemplating becoming the victim of a tragic sacrifice. *(She bows solemn assent. Again he caresses her. Again she yields. Again he kisses her ardently.)* It must never be. You don't have to marry that old duffer.

OLGA. Oh, if it were only a dream!

LANE *(still holding her in his arms)*. My dear, do you abhor me?

OLGA. Oh, Mr. Lane!

LANE. Would it be a sacrifice if you—if I—would your mother— *(She puts her head on his breast and looks at him coquettishly. He kisses her.)* Then it's all settled. Right now. Are you ready? *(She nods in the affirmative. He goes to window, raises curtain.)* Ah, "the morning opes her golden gates." *(A pause.)* How long will it take you to get ready?

OLGA *(perplexed)*. Get ready?

LANE. Yes, I'm going to wake up Judge Carr, have him call up his friend the county clerk, meet us at the court-house, and put us through our paces. *(She*

looks amazed.) Oh, I've had it about half-way arranged. He expects me. Only he didn't expect you.

OLGA. I don't understand.

LANE *(takes her in his arms. He's in high spirits).* No, of course not, but I'll explain on the way over.

OLGA *(amused).* On the way over?

LANE. Precisely. You're not going to back out, are you?

OLGA. Oh, Mr. Lane. Are you really, truly in earnest?

LANE. I was never more so. *(Kisses her.)* What loving eyes of flame! In earnest? I should say so!

OLGA. And we are going to be married?

LANE. Precisely.

OLGA. How romantic!

LANE. Yes, isn't it? That's what I like about it. *(Caressing her.).* Oh, but you are a darling! But let's hurry. Put on your coat. There are robes in the car—and I'll keep you warm. *(She kisses him and runs out.)*

LANE *(taking up 'phone).* Hello! Wait a minute. *(Hurriedly takes card out of pocket, and reads from it the number.)* Give me Valley 231. *(A pause.)* Hello, that you, judge? This is Lane. Sorry to wake you up so early. That matter is all arranged. Yes, will you wake up the clerk? All right, we'll start right away. Yes, big hurry. Ten or fifteen minutes. *(Olga returns in long coat, her head swathed in a veil.)* Ah, here you are!

OLGA. I'm ready.

LANE *(kissing her).* Just a moment and I'll bring the car around.

(He hurries out at back turning to left. She, standing in the hall, looks after him. Just then Bob enters through door on right. He is in dressing gown. Goes to table, picks up cigarette case and takes out cigarette. Beginning to whistle a lively air softly, he strikes a match. Olga turns. He hears the movement, looks round and sees her.)

BOB *(in mild surprise)*. You are going so soon?

OLGA. Yes, I am going. *(A pause.)* Are you glad?

BOB. I didn't mean to hurry you off at break of day. What will the Baxters think?

OLGA. The Baxters? Oh, yes. *(She laughs.)* The Baxters will be surprised—at breakfast. *(The honk-honk of a horn is heard, and she turns hurriedly to go, but she looks back over her shoulder and smiles.)* Yes, they'll be surprised.

(She goes quickly out, and Bob stands in amazement, then turns and resumes the lively air. Again the horn is heard softly, and he rushes to the window now lighted by the dawn and looks out. What he sees transfixes him. He is watching the receding car as the curtain goes down.)

MEDITATIONS OF DIOGENES LANTERN

The strong find in misfortune a stepping-stone to high achievement.

Ridicule is an unsatisfactory weapon owing to the dulness of its subjects.

When a man complains that he has been deceived by a woman he means that she anticipated him.

The loss of its object is love's keen sorrow, but keener still is the sorrow of not attaining its object.

If Shakespeare had been fond of grape juice he would never have met Falstaff, much less known how to paint him.

Censure is that function of criticism dearest to the heart of mediocrity since it requires no exercise of the faculty of taste.

The brave man masks his misery, and he may be dying of a heart-stab or the festering wounds of adversity without complaining of anything more serious than a tooth-ache.

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Informal Dansants every afternoon and evening during which time exhibitions of stage and ballroom dances are given by recognized celebrities

Costly Baskets and elegant Art Boxes filled with Foster and Orear's Candy presented every evening for the Candy Dances without competition of any kind

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